

CYC-Online

FOR THOSE WHO LIVE OR WORK WITH CHILDREN AND YOUNG PEOPLE
ISSUE 165 • NOVEMBER 2012





ISSUE 165: NOVEMBER 2012

Contents

Editorial: What have I been missing?	/ 3
Up and down on the pharm	/ 5
<i>Cedrick of Toxteth</i>	
Better Bullies.	/ 8
<i>Kiaras Gharabaghi</i>	
Camphill Communities: The Agricultural Impulse.	/ 12
<i>Robin Jackson</i>	
Saint Benedict's Trees.	/ 19
Moving Around vs.Moving On: Reflections on a Quarter Century in a High Turnover Job . / 20	
<i>Lorraine E. Fox</i>	
Child & Youth Care Practitioners and the Scientific Method	/ 24
<i>Jack Phelan</i>	
CYC-Online: Advertising Rates	/ 27
Activity-Based Learning for Practice in a Bi-Cultural World.	/ 28
<i>Leon Fulcher</i>	
An Appreciation of Finchden Mano	/ 32
<i>Tom Robinson</i>	
Questions and Answers	/ 36
<i>Liz Laidlaw</i>	
Machinery, Myths and Individuals	/ 39
<i>Laura Steckley</i>	
Connections.	/ 43
<i>Chris Baganz</i>	
The Eye has it!	/ 47
<i>Nils Ling</i>	
Postcard from Leon Fulcher	/ 49
EndNotes.	/ 52
Information	/ 54

What have I been missing?

It is fall here, in this corner of the northern hemisphere. We just returned from Australia where spring is in full force. Strange – how on the same day, in another world, things can be so different. Your world, my world, eh?

The world *is* different depending on where you are – and, of course, on how you experience it. I think it is a fine day – you think not. I think all is well. You think not. Each of us, inside our own experience, experience ‘today’ differently.

Watzlawick¹ (1990) said that each of us experience the world as if our experience of it *is* the experience. How strange it is to discover that ‘your world’ and ‘my world’ are not the same. We exist in the same moment in time, but have different experiences of the same thing.

I remember talking – well, speaking actually – to this kid ...

“Hi there. Nice day,” I said.

“F-off” he said. “It is a shitty day.”

Different worlds, eh?

We each live inside our own experience. If life is going well, it could be a nice day. If not, well ... then it is not.

I forget sometimes that I live inside my own experience of the moment – I sometimes think that this experience is the

same for everyone – thank goodness for the kids who remind us that it is not. It helps us to remember that ‘my experience is only – just only – my experience’. It helps me to remember that we are not one – that the young person and I are not one. We are different and we have different experiences.

It seems like an obvious thing to say – but sometimes, as someone said, ‘the obvious often goes unnoticed’. And it is not really so strange actually that we should fail to notice some things. As humans we become habitualized, we ‘take for granted’ and we fail to attend to the familiar.

Sometimes we do not notice things be-



Follow **CYC-Net** at
@CYCCareworkers

cause we don't want to notice them – silly example – if I really hate washing the floors, I may fail to notice they are dirty (I just noticed I am doing that today!) Sometimes we do not notice things because we don't know about them – like how we never noticed the difference between 'I' statements and 'You' statements before we learned about them. There are other reasons, of course, but I think the point is made.

So, in a way, here's the point – if I fail to remember that 'we are *not* the same' in how we experience things and there are lots of reasons why I sometimes fail to notice things, I sometimes wonder 'what am I missing today: the kid sitting quietly in the corner; the passing tear in a boy's eye; the sadness in a mother's voice; the anger a colleague expresses towards a young person; the grimace of a loved one as we unintentionally say something hurtful; my own anxiety?

I do wonder.

This is not offered up here as a criticism of us – suggesting we are uncaring or not concerned – rather it is just an acknowledgement of an unfortunate human tendency – to not notice, sometimes, things that may be important.

So, maybe the next time you are at work, you might wonder 'what am I missing?' And then you might wonder – if you do discover something you have been missing – 'why have I been missing that?'

Thom

Rosemere, Quebec

www.cycworld2013.net

Note

1. Watzlawick, P. (1990). Munchhausen's pigtales: Or psychotherapy and reality. New York: W.W. Norton.



June 25-28, 2013

St. Johns, Newfoundland & Labrador – CANADA

Child & Youth Care World Conference

Connecting at
the Crossroads

www.cycworld2013.net

UP AND DOWN ON THE PHARM

Cedrick of Toxteth

Good morning boys and girls and welcome to Fun Pharm's Summer Camp for Dubious Disorders and Suspicious Syndromes, or DDSS for short. We like to shorten long names, it makes life so much easier doesn't it? Like, my name is really Doctor Richard Ritalinovich but everyone calls me Doc. Please don't call me Dick. Only my mother can call me Dick because she's very old and sometimes calls me Brenda. And don't call me Doc Dick or Dick Doc because that would be silly, and we don't want any silly people here do we?

When Fun Pharm — or Club Meds as it used to be called — opened four years ago we only had fifteen kids and two categories to work with. Today we have over seventy of you in this hall and, thanks to modern medical science, we have six nifty classifications to help us understand and treat you better. Well, the more the merrier we always say or, in the words of our corporate sponsors, "Medication for the nation, there's no such thing as satiation." So let's begin with a rousing cheer for all those dedicated and medicated doc-

tors, teachers and counselors who filled in the applications and disclaimer forms and all those good old moms and dads who want you to be just as happy as they are.

Yeah!

Well that wasn't really much of a cheer was it? Never mind, you'll be pleased to know that every one of these good people will be receiving a prize from our sponsors anyway. Your parents will be getting a free package of goodies, including some magic pills for Dad. All teachers will get an "Instant Diagnostic and Removal Kit" — an IDRK, your counselors will be receiving copies of our new book "Curing Childhood and Adolescence" and a few lucky doctors will win a new car or a trip to the Cannes Film Festival. How about that? But, unlucky for them, only YOU get to spend three mind-boggling weeks with us at Fun Pharm on the Marshes. **Yea!**

My goodness what a quiet bunch you are, but not to worry, we'll get you in the mood later. Meanwhile, I want to introduce some of the great folks who know all about changing moods and stuff like that. Sitting on the stage just behind me are the



team leaders. Your own special leader is wearing a shirt the same color as the cap you were given on the bus. So if your cap is green you'll be with Bill in the green shirt and if your cap is blue, then your captain will be Maggie down at the end there. They are all nurses so you can trust them to know what's best for you. The people standing behind them in the white coveralls are our child and youth staff. Their job will be to get to know everything about you over the next three weeks so let's have all those dirty little secrets out in the open. They are also responsible for supervising chores, cooking the meals and making sure the biffies are clean at all times. And last but not least, the hideous monster chained to the back wall, wearing the black hood and studded boots, is our resident Psychopath Clarence. You'll only get to meet Clarence if you've done something really bad like killing a fellow camper or not taking your meds. So let's here it for the Fun Pharm staff. **Yeah!**

Okay a few shouts for Clarence — that should save us the cost of an injection. Now let's begin by getting you into your teams so please put on your special cap, with the peak forward please, and I'll ask the leaders to leave the stage and take up their positions around the hall.

To avoid confusion perhaps the child and youth staff can start by rounding up the kids with yellow caps, the ADHD Devils, and escorting them over to Carla in the restraining zone. You'll have to be quick to catch the floor-crawlers and you'll need a ladder to get those two down from the ceiling joists. Let the skinny one go Mario and grab the fat one heading

for the trampoline with a fire-extinguisher. Oh by God, will somebody please arrest that little charmer who threw the baseball at Clarence. We always have trouble with the Devils on the first day but they can be lots of fun once we've got them turned down a notch or two. Meanwhile, just ignore them.

Now, those of you with red caps, the ADD Drifters, please join Darryl in the pointless activity area for a few minutes of meaningless classroom stimulation while the rest of us get organized. I said those of you with red caps, please go over to Darryl. No, I said go to Darryl over there ... no not over here ... over THERE. Listen, the big kid with the nose ring, what color's your cap? Well take the damned thing off and look at it. I said TAKE IT OFF ... no not HER cap, YOUR cap. Oh, for crying out loud, could somebody please redirect the bunch of red caps drifting toward the washroom. God only knows what they'll get up to in there.

OK, those of you with green caps, the Oppositional Defiance Demons, please don't move, don't go over to Bill and please create as much pandemonium as you can in *not* doing these things. When you don't get over there, Bill will tell what not to do next. Yes, my dear, I know your green cap is really pink, but don't move anyway. Bingo!

Okay, what do we have left? Ah yes, blue caps, the Depressive Doldrums team. Bad news for you I'm afraid. Unfortunately your hut is right in the middle of Mosquito Swamp so if you shuffle over to Maggie, you can pick up your nets and waders. It's going to be a rough trip but Maggie will give you something to make

you feel better on the journey. Oh, and watch out for all those alligators, ha! ha!

And now for our last group, the Bi-Polar Bears. My goodness, we've never had so many Bears before. Must be the flavor of the month. Well you lucky campers have two leaders to choose from. If you're feeling frisky, trot over to join Manic Marvin wearing the clown suit and, if you're feeling down in the mouth, drag your butts over to Mary Maudlin in the shredded raincoat. If you feel somewhere in the middle you can go to the back of the hall and face the wall until you make your damned minds up. We don't want anyone here who refuses to get with the program.

Who's that little girl hovering around the emergency exit? Oh of course, thank you, I completely forgot about our one and only Attachment Disorder Deserter. I don't know why they keep sending these kids here. Listen sweetheart, I'm sorry but it's just not economical to provide a leader and an entire hut for one little insignificant person. If you wander off down the hallway to your right, you'll see a room with "Transitional Objects" written on the door. You can play with anything you find in there for as long as you like. Please close the door behind you and someone will be along to lock it when we have a moment.

Well that just about takes care of all the formalities. When I blow this whistle your leaders will take you to your huts and you can yourselves be settled. Don't forget to



under your pillow look to see if the pill fairy's paid for a visit. But, before you go I just want to wish you all a wonderful time stands still there's nothing much to worry about is there a doctor in the house that for starters you mean to go on and on and on just like those child and youth care workers of the world unite as well be sitting on your spotty bums the word and the word is ... Oh dear it's time for my auntie psychotic psychotropic of cancer can be beaten to a pulp fiction fantasy of nurse Margaret in her underwear the hell did I put that whistle? Stop laughing or I'll tell my Mommy you called me Sicky-Dicky you perverse bunch of pediatric piss-pots. I'll have you all banned from the DSM Fourever. Oh no, you'll get no whistle from me, you pathetic pack of Pavlovian perverts, so you can't salivate all over nurse Margaret like I can do whatever I want because I'm in charge here. Now, off to your huts while I get ready, steady go get Margaret ... Please ...

Cedrick was a columnist with *Relational Child & Youth Care Practice* and President of the Cowichan Valley Malt Whiskey Society. He was recently seen in Toronto and, even more recently, in Damascus. He can still be contacted through his reluctant editor – fewster@seaside.net

Better Bullies

Kiaras Gharabaghi

Bullying is widely recognized as a significant and growing problem in North American society, and likely elsewhere. The rise of mobile technologies, combined with social media, has accelerated this trend. Young people are committing suicide at alarming rates after having been victimized by bullies. Anyone can become a target, although we do tend to focus on specific issues or identities when it comes to the victims. I worry that this emphasis on specific characteristics may inadvertently expose some young people to even more bullying. Gay youth, for example, are often seen as particularly vulnerable in this context, and as much as we try to express empathy for and acceptance of gay youth, as well as outrage about their victimization, we are ultimately reinforcing their identity as victims, as individuals in need of societal protection, and therefore as legitimate (in a macabre sort of a way) targets for the bullies.



After all, from the perspective of a bully, it hardly seems worthwhile to invest all of that energy and effort into bullying those who conform to mainstream expectations of what is normal.

It seems to me that our core approaches to mitigating the bullying problem are not working particularly well. 'Protecting the victims' is an affront to those labeled as potential or even likely victims, accentuating that far from acceptance, we are hyper conscious of their difference, and we are constructing that difference as weakness and vulnerability. The other extreme, popular amongst 'common sense' right wing extremists, involves criminalizing the bullies and their actions wherever possible, imposing increasingly stiff sentences, and exposing

bullies as evil, good for nothing losers who need to be removed from places where youth gather (such as schools). This approach has not worked in any other con-

text where young people behave insensitively to others, break the law, or conduct themselves in opposition to social norms and expectations. The 'get tough on bullies' approach is further complicated by the fact that many bullies are themselves victims of being bullied, if not by their peers, than perhaps at home.

The more we tell young people that bullying is wrong, mean-spirited, and devastating and potentially deadly to the victims, the more bullying seems to proliferate. Far too many young people find comfort in those spaces that are constructed as anti-social and outside of what is deemed acceptable by parents, school administrators and law enforcement agencies. In my experience, young people who feel attacked (and telling them that they are evil is an attack) tend to do what good soccer teams do; the best defense is a strong offense. "If you call me evil, I will prove you right, but to an extent and with a forcefulness that will surprise you".

I am tempted to suggest an entirely different approach to this problem. Instead of labeling bullying as wrong, we might label it as a mental health problem, a sickness, a disorder. But I am all too weary about invoking yet another form of attack that ultimately serves to not only perpetuate stereotypes about mental health, but also allows all of us to abdicate responsibility for this issue by constructing it as an individual's disease with no societal connection. I can just imagine the joy in the boardrooms of the pharmaceutical companies who undoubtedly would produce a little white pill to treat this new disorder.

With no particular idea about how to deal with bullying or bullies, I started

thinking about what we might be missing here. And it occurred to me that perhaps our uncertainty about how to deal with this is impacted by an out of date concept of what bullying actually looks like these days. The now almost romantic notion of a big, not very bright guy waiting for the little, somewhat nerdy kid on his way home from school and then proceeding to push him around or beat him up is probably not reflective of the contemporary bullying problem (but it does still happen). Something much more sinister is unfolding these days when it comes to bullying. Given social media and the almost immediate access to an audience, bullying is not really about the act of victimizing a particular individual; it is instead about the responses to publically engaging in this act in as witty, brutal and consequential manner possible. There is a competitive element that has crept into bullying culture amongst young people; it isn't just about hurting someone; instead, it is about outdoing how others might have hurt that someone. The victim is incidental in the process of bullying, a mere rudimentary tool for the glorification of the bully. And that glorification is now a social need, not an individual need. No amount of therapy, medication or punishment can match the exhilaration experienced when others are impressed with the sheer brutality, the thoughtless exploitation and the absolute abandonment of social standards performed by the modern bully. And no sooner is there even the slightest indication that a bully may have done well, is there the seed for the next bully seeking to up the standard of bullying greatness. Today, nobody wants to be a bully; many

young people want to be the best bully.

If I am even partially right, the bullying problem is a problem of an entirely different nature than what we perceive it as. Far from reflecting dysfunction and abnormality, it in fact reflects the very values that we work hard to instill in young people everyday. “Be the Best at something”; “Everyone has a talent, you just have to find yours”; “Aim high”; “Play to Win”; “Shoot for Gold”; “Be the best that you can be”. Let’s face it, we reinforce the concept of one-upmanship all the time. In hockey, we tell kids to hit harder. In school, we evaluate the performance of our kids based on the class average, and we encourage kids to beat the average. In fact, we role-model bullying all the time too; in politics, a good debate is about beating the other guy, not about making good points. The means justify the end and in the process, truth is an expendable commodity.

Every bully knows that their victim might be hurt severely by their actions; indeed, most bullies know that their victim might die. This is not enough to stop them. Being good at something, in this case bullying, is more important than the fate of the victim. At some point, we have to take a long, hard look at what we are teaching our young people. And we have to reassess whether encouraging young people to try to be the best is a good thing. What is wrong with being good at something, without the ambition of being better than everyone else? Does ‘good’ become mediocre or even weak if someone else is better? These questions give rise to what may at first appear as a rather confusing and convoluted way to fight bul-

lying. You may have to read the next paragraph twice:

If we want to encourage young people to be or do better, we should encourage them to be or do more good, because more goodness is better than less goodness. But it is best not to think of better as a replacement of good, since this inherently means that better could mean something that is not good. Outdoing each other to be or do more good is a good thing. And it is different from outdoing each other to do better, which then renders the good as less than good, because now the better is the new good.

I recognize of course that not all bullying is in search of an audience. Much of on-line bullying takes place anonymously, although I am not entirely certain that anonymity is really as complete as it may appear. Many young people know each others’ pseudonyms, and in fact there is an element of outdoing one another even in the selection of the pseudonym itself. Still, it is likely that some bullying is intended to remain anonymous. In those cases, I would still suspect that this is about an audience, albeit an audience of one – oneself. The impact on another person of one’s bullying efforts is at least better than irrelevance and having no impact on anyone. And being or doing better, as mentioned, is the message we impose on young people every day. Being good is never good enough.

One pattern that has become well documented in some of the higher profile bullying cases in recent years is that young victims are rarely driven to desperation by just one bully. They are victims of multiple bullies banding together in an

ever-deepening assault on the young victim's very right to live. Somewhat disturbingly, these group bullies are not 'bad kids' in the traditional sense. Many of them are high performers in school, live happy family lives, are active in sports, etc. But they are driven to succeed, and success is always about striving for 'the better'. I think the time has come to help young people find inspiration in the good rather than the better. More good is a valuable goal, challenges young people to find their place in multiple settings, reflects a call to action that is inherently anti-bullying oriented and ultimately rejects the valorization of always having to do better, even if one is replacing good with bad.

Fundamentally, the goal ought to be to help young people pause and think before responding to someone else's insult of another person. Ideally, the outcome of that thinking process will be the realization that there is no need to outdo the initiator. It is unnecessary to do better or to be the best. If we want to render a bully vulnerable, we ought not to insult him or her, nor ought we to label him or her as evil. Instead, a Bully should learn that his or her actions just aren't worth outdoing. The message is "you're on your own with this one", and it seems to me that if there is one time when bullies get very scared, it is when that screen on their mobile device stays 'silent'.

Quality Care in a Family Setting A Practical Guide for Foster Carers



Leon Fulcher & Thom Garfat

While training and practice standards are now used in many places to enhance, monitor and evaluate the quality of care given to children and young people in out-of-home care, Foster Carers are often expected to perform miracles without practical assistance. Building from a strengths-based approach, **Quality Care in a Family Setting: A Practical Guide for Foster Carers** seeks to redress that deficit, offering practical help for Foster Carers seeking to do extraordinary things with the kids for whom they care.

Written by Leon Fulcher and Thom Garfat, **Quality Care in a Family Setting**, offers theory, practice tips and everyday advice for helping young people in Foster Care develop the strengths and skills necessary to successfully navigate life's challenges.

To order, visit
www.pretext.co.za/shop

or email
info@pretext.co.za
info@transformation.com

Camphill Communities: The Agricultural Impulse

Robin Jackson

**“The earth does not belong to us.
We belong to the earth.
What befalls the earth befalls all the
sons and daughters of the earth.”**

— Chief Seattle (c 1780-1866)

The Camphill Movement

The Camphill Movement began with the establishment by Dr Karl Koenig of a school for children in need of special care on a small estate, Camphill, in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1940. Koenig had come to Scotland from his native Austria as a refugee from Nazi oppression. As a result of his experience as a doctor working with children with special needs in Switzerland and Silesia for a decade, he was inspired to create a new form of healing environment for their education and upbringing.

It was Koenig’s intention that the Camphill Movement should be comprised of integrated communities in which those with special needs and co-workers lived together and shared their lives in such a way as to foster mutual help and understanding. This concept has few parallels anywhere, except possibly some Anabaptist sects in the USA (e.g., Hutterite; Amish; Moravian Brethren) and kibbutzim in Israel. In such communities there is no

hierarchical structure; all are treated as equals.

In 1938, prior to his arrival in Scotland, Koenig had submitted a proposal to the Irish Government for the establishment of a curative educational institute there which would take the form of a communal settlement. It was Koenig’s view that a farm should be at the heart of the community. The farm would act as the ‘dynamo’ providing not only food and drink but also educational and re-creational activities. Koenig was clearly seeking to create a self contained and economically self-sustaining community.

Koenig proposed that such a farm should possess:

- sufficient arable land to permit the growing of wheat for bread-making and animal fodder
- enough milking cows to supply the community with milk
- a dairy for the production of butter and cheese
- a large garden to supply vegetables and the most common fruit and berries
- woodland to supply timber for building construction and sundry artefacts (e.g. kitchen implements)
- a chicken farm and piggery, and
- sufficient sheep for breeding and the production of wool for weaving.

It was Koenig's contention that any child regardless of ability could learn and execute some of the basic work processes on a farm given sufficient time and imaginative instruction (e.g., sowing; handling cattle; milking). Such a farm would also require the development of workshops which the young people could help to run.



Koenig envisaged the presence within the community of a wheelwright, cartwright, carpenter, locksmith and blacksmith. The workshops required by these skilled artisans would not only be for production but also instruction.

For some years after the establishment of the first Camphill community the term 'workmaster' was used to describe these different occupations. The significance of this term should not be overlooked. 'Workmaster' is a literal translation of 'werkmeister' which refers to a master craftsman - an individual who held and continues to hold a high social status in German society. This is in contradistinction to the situation in Britain where there has been a longstanding tendency to regard technical skills as inferior to other skills. However for a brief period at the end of the 19th century this situation was reversed with the birth in Britain of the Arts and Crafts Movement (1860-1910). This Movement stood for traditional

craftsmanship and letting the qualities of the materials speak for themselves. Camphill's continuing commitment to the use of natural materials will be apparent from an examination of the recently constructed Phoenix Centre in Aberdeen. Koenig was quite clear that a young person's ability to handle a spade, guide a plough or milk a cow was as important as the ability to handle a pencil or crayon or memorise a poem or mathematical formula. This conviction did not stem from any anti-scholastic sentiment. Koenig recognised that working on the land and with animals conferred a series of invaluable intellectual, social, emotional and physical benefits

Intellectual benefits

1. Attainment of new skills.
2. Improved vocabulary and communication skills.
3. Aroused sense of curiosity.
4. Increased powers of observation.
5. Stimulation of sensory perceptions.

Social benefits

1. Interaction within and outside the group.

Emotional benefits

1. Improved confidence and self esteem.
2. Opportunities to relieve aggressive drives in a socially acceptable manner.
3. Opportunities for the satisfaction of creative drives.

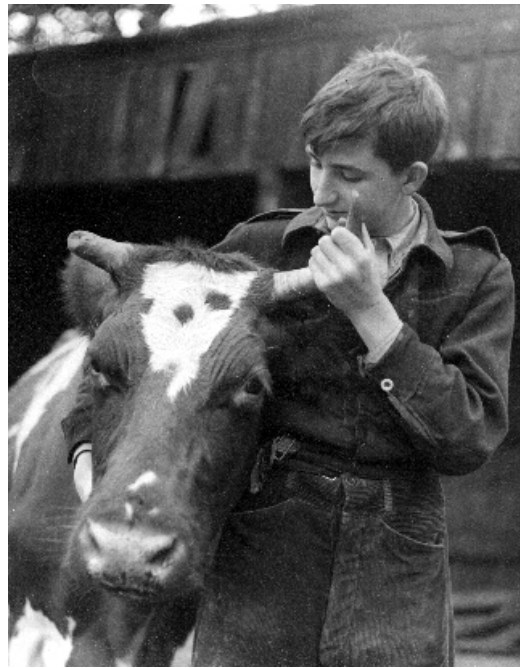
Physical benefits

1. Development and improvement of basic motor skills.
2. The beneficial effects of outdoor activities on the health of all residents.

Koenig frequently used the metaphor of 'the island' to describe a Camphill community. Clearly one of the most obvious features of an island is that it is physically cut off. That isolation was important to



Planting



Boy and cow

Koenig for three principal reasons. Firstly, in order to foster a sense of internal togetherness and brotherhood and to develop a system reliant on mutual dependence, it was necessary to cut links with the outside world. Secondly, Koenig believed that for children and young people with special needs attending Camphill to benefit from the regime, there should be a minimum of external influences which were perceived, at least in the early years, as being negative and destructive. Thirdly, efforts to create a self-sustaining economic model would be undermined if there was any reliance on the surrounding area for goods and services. The legacy of that early insulation still lingers on in the collective memory of the local neighbourhood in which the original Camphill was set.



Rerpairing plough

Ecological sensitivity

One of the foremost tasks for the Camphill Movement identified by Koenig was the care of the land. He observed:

“...gardens and farms today are ruined and exploited by mechanised work and chemical fertilisers. The soil over the world is like someone who suffers and cries out for help and healing. It is to be hoped that the [Camphill] Movement will find the right helpers to create remedial work in this field, too.”

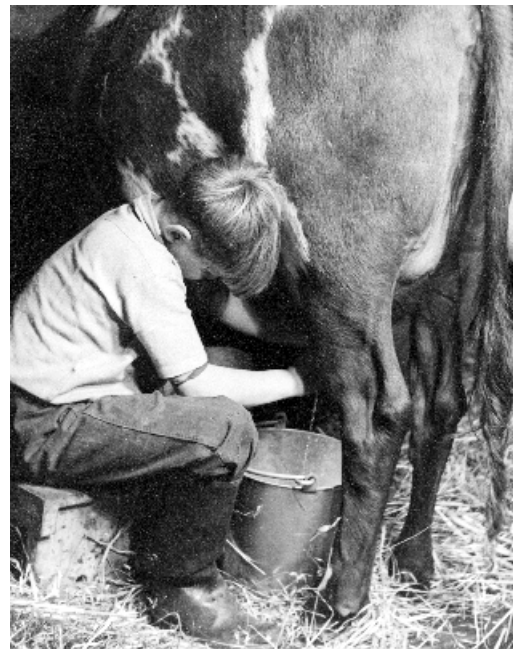
— Koenig, K. (1960). *The Camphill Movement*. p. 34

In a lecture given to an Agricultural Conference in 1963, Koenig indicated that he very much hoped that more and more land would be acquired by the Camphill Movement. These would be ‘islands of recovery’ with a given number of people, a given number of fields and woods and a given number of animals. He saw the cre-

ation of such islands as one of the main tasks of Camphill’s agricultural impulse.

Critics have often commented that Camphill communities tend to be located in remote isolated rural settings which are alien to the everyday experience of most people. What this criticism ignores is the fact that such settings can provide essential nourishment for mind, body and spirit. Thus the quality of the physical environment in which curative education takes place is of crucial importance.

Chief Seattle’s statement that we do not own the land is of supreme importance. In other words, we are guardians of the land and we have been entrusted with its welfare. We must therefore fulfil this responsibility by caring for it; hence



Milking



Bee keeping

the application of farming methods that respect and reverence the soil, crops and livestock. This reverence should be extended to the way that food is prepared for the table. The physical presentation of meals, the taste and nutritional value of the food, should add to the feeling of well-being. Meals should not simply be a time set aside to eat food but should be social occasions that are celebrated. They should be convivial occasions, when respect is shown for what one eats and drinks. This can be done through offering a grace or an appropriate reading or song at the start and finish of each meal.

Long before the many environmental lobbies came into existence, Koenig was strongly advocating the case for eco-

logical sensitivity. The key features of Camphill life - mutuality, rhythmicity, spirituality and tranquillity - all contribute to that ecological sensitivity.

Mutuality: Young people with special needs working on a farm soon appreciate that for crops and livestock to flourish, an appropriate level of care has to be offered whether in maintaining the land or tending the livestock.

At the same time it is hoped that the realisation eventually dawns that their own existence is dependent on the quality of care they offer. Grasping this notion of mutual dependence is fundamental to the success of any therapeutic program based on an agricultural impulse.

Rhythmicity: An appreciation of the importance of daily, seasonal and annual rhythms is nowhere more in evidence than on a farm. That rhythmic pulse gives a measure of structure, predictability and meaning to one's existence, to ignore it is

to court disaster. Maier (1992) has indicated that rhythmicity is a potent force not only in linking people together but also in creating a sense of internal togetherness.

Spirituality: It would be surprising if the



Day's end

opportunity to work on a farm and witness at first hand the life cycle of animals and plants did not prompt some questioning as to the meaning of existence. The hope would be that in the process of engaging in farmwork that a reverence for that work would emerge and, as Chief Seattle acknowledged, that an appreciation would grow that we have a spiritual obligation to care for our environment.

Tranquillity: A feature of most Camphill settings is their tranquillity. There is evidence to suggest that exposure to natural environments can make a significant contribution to health and wellbeing. It has also been found that natural tranquil surroundings can have profound physiological effects on people suffering from stress (Ulrich et al, 1991).

While Koenig's proposal to the Irish Government to establish a curative educational institute was turned down, he nevertheless realised his ambition across the Irish Sea in Scotland. Today there are over 100 Camphill communities or



Under instruction

communities broadly based on Camphill principles throughout the world. That number is increasing, particularly in the Far East (e.g., India, Pakistan, Viet Nam) and former Communist bloc countries in Eastern Europe (e.g. Poland, Latvia, Czech Republic). That over seventy years have passed since the creation of the first

Camphill community bears testimony to the strength of the model that Koenig devised. Many of the features of the 'green politics' movement which were to emerge from the 1970s onwards can be seen reflected in the early work of the Camphill communities: consensus decision making; participatory democracy; sustainability; ethical consumerism; and community based economics.



Ploughing

Edith Tudor-Hart
The photographs which illustrate this article were taken by Edith Tudor Hart (née Suschitzky) (1908-1973) who studied photography at the Bauhaus in Dessau but worked as a Montessori kindergarten teacher in Vienna. Edith is now widely recognised as one of the foremost European documentary photographers.

As a member of the Communist Party, she used her photography to disseminate her political beliefs. A number of important social issues such as housing policies and the care of children with special needs were particularly highlighted by Edith. Her interest in the latter issue almost certainly arose from the fact that her son, Thomas (Tommy), had a disability and from 1948 to 1952, Tommy attended a Camphill community in Aberdeen.

On the 30th April 1949 an article was published in *Picture Post* entitled 'A school where love is the cure' with a series of photographs illustrating the work of the Camphill school taken by Edith. At that time *Picture Post* was the most prominent and widely read photojournalistic magazine in Britain, so the existence of Camphill and the nature of its work will have been drawn to the attention of a very wide audience.

It may seem superfluous to comment upon the photographs taken by Tudor-Hart, for they can speak for themselves. Yet it is perhaps worth observing that black and white as opposed to colour photographs seem better at conveying a simple message. The atmospheric quality of black and white photography gives it a greater visual power and immediacy. Colour, on the other hand, can distract. The photographs shown here are not meant to be treated as entries for a salon exhibition but rather as matters of simple record illustrating the range of activities on which the young people at Camphill were engaged at the time.

From October 2012 to February 2013 there will be an exhibition of work by Edith Tudor-Hart at the Scottish Portrait

Gallery in Edinburgh. This will be the first major retrospective exhibition of her photography, for it is now recognised that Edith Tudor-Hart was one of the most significant documentary photographers of the 1930s and 1940s. The exhibition will bring together work shot in Vienna, London, Wales and Scotland and reveal some of the most powerful photography of the Depression era ever taken.

References

- Berglund, B., Lindvall, T and Schwela, D. H. (1999). *World Health Organisation Guidelines for Community Noise*. Geneva: World Health Organization.
- Koenig, K. (1960). *The Camphill Movement*. Danby: Camphill Press.
- Koenig, K. (2008). (ed. P. Selg) *Karl Koenig: My Task*. Edinburgh: Floris Books.
- Maier, H. (1992). Rhythmicity: a powerful force for experiencing unity and personal connections. *Journal of Child and Youth Care Work*, 8: 7-13.
- Ulrich, R., Simons, F., Losito, B., Fiorito, E., Miles, M. and Zelson, M. (1991). 'Stress recovery during exposure to natural and urban environments', *Journal of Environmental Psychology*, 11: 201-230

Acknowledgements

I am grateful to the Trustees of the Karl Koenig Archive, Camphill House, Aberdeen for permission to reproduce the photographs taken by Edith Tudor-Hart.

Today, the work of professional landscape architects is evident throughout Saint Benedict's, but no less so is that of the "non-professionals"—especially that of a former prioress, a sister "sent home to die," and her 71-year-old assistant.

In the 1920s and early 1930s, Mother Louise Walz found time to personally plan the campus landscaping. Sister Juliana Venne, assisted by Sister Amalia Eich, did much of the physical work. Sister Juliana may not have been professionally trained, but she did have experience. In 1895, as a rather young religious, she was sent to work with the children in Saint Joseph's Orphanage in St. Paul. Finding the orphanage property bare and treeless, she was determined to beautify the grounds.

Whenever she took the orphans for a walk into the country, she arranged to have one of the boys carry a spade. Small evergreen trees found in the woodlands were dug up, carried home and planted in the orphanage yard. On one of his visits to the orphanage, Archbishop John Ireland, in complimenting the sisters on their efforts

to beautify the grounds, asked where they were getting their seedlings. Imagine their consternation when they learned that they had been pilfering from the archbishop's land.

(In 1923, at age 63 and ill, Sister Juliana was sent back to the motherhouse "to die." She regained her health.)

In 1932, Sister Amalia Eich, who had spent 37 years as a nurse in Bismarck, re-

turned to Saint Benedict's broken in health. This 71-year-old sister joined 72-year-old Sister Juliana, and together they supervised and helped with the planting, care, and transplanting of all the evergreen trees.

As octogenarians, Sister Juliana and Sister Amalia continued

their work in the vineyard, the nursery, and the garden.

Saint Benedict's Trees



From Imogene Blatz, OSB, and Alard Zimmer, OSB, *Threads from Our Tapestry: Benedictine Women in Central Minnesota* (St. Cloud, Minnesota: North Star Press, 1994), 143-45.

Moving Around vs. Moving On

Reflections on a Quarter Century in a High Turnover Job

Lorraine E. Fox

The notion of Child Care as a “stepping stone” to other more prestigious and profitable careers is so well documented that acceptance, at this point, is only reasonable (VanderVen and Tittnich, 1986; Linton and Forster, 1988). Veteran child care workers, at a variety of levels, have recently been arguing for the need to reframe commitment to the field as both necessary for the professional development of the field, and personally satisfying for those willing to make a lifelong commitment to caring for others as a career (Krueger, 1981).

There are many social and practical forces working against a life commitment to child care, treatment of which is not possible in a short essay. It is important, however, to at least acknowledge two of the forces the barriers we must overcome: 1) lack of social recognition of caregiving as a professional career; and 2)

lack of adequate financial compensation for caregiving positions. For many workers these barriers often make a lifelong commitment impossible and/or impractical.

I’m not sure that child care will achieve professional recognition in my lifetime. There are many efforts underway to work toward that end (child care associations, journals, conferences, etc.). As this point, however, those efforts are fragmented and sparse, with no clear unifying positions or leaders. Professional journals do not accurately reflect the condition of the field across the nation, but must be viewed in tandem with salary surveys and reports of rampant institutional abuse. Perhaps this is just a developmentally appropriate condition, the latency period of a young profession. I would like to think that this is the case.

My own career reflects both the development of the field and my own per-

sonal and professional development. The request to chronicle this development is part of an effort to provide hope for those who might wish to make a commitment to care.

My entry into the field in the early 1960s was rather characteristic. I literally walked in off the street! My brief experience as a camp counsellor and church youth worker was deemed sufficient for the requirements of “line” child care worker in a residential treatment center. Lack of a college degree was not only not a problem, but the fact that I had some college credits was considered a bonus. On my first day I was given a set of keys and sent to report to the “head houseparent,” who assigned me my first official task: to vacuum the living room rug before the children (12 to 17-year-old emotionally disturbed adolescents) returned from school.

I learned quickly what the designation of “disturbed” implied, and I began to yearn for those quiet moments of vacuuming the rugs. A preliminary introduction to the language of residential care let me know that having a child of one’s own, or even being a woman, was not necessary for designation of the title “mother.” Mealtimes had very little to do with eating, I learned, and bedtimes equally little to do with sleeping. Six months after my arrival on the job the unit supervisor retired, and I was promoted to that position (to the consternation of all the veteran “housemothers”). The rationale was that I had shown the ability to both get along with and “manage” the residents, and I did, after all, have some college credits. After one year, the title of

all direct service workers in the institution was changed from “houseparent” to “child care worker,” a move explained in terms of changing function as institutions were changing from custodial to treatment facilities. At twentyfour, it seemed a more fitting title.

Aware that my promotion had been premature, I took a new position “back on the line” and at twentysix became a housemother to twelve youngsters (ages five through seventeen) in a children’s home for dependent children. My prior experience at the treatment center enlightened my view of these so-called dependent young people, who showed many of the same behaviors, but who were not allowed to be “disturbed,” since treatment was not the mission of this particular institution. I stayed for two years, moving on when cottages were closed due to a dwindling population of dependent children and reluctance to accept children who were actually designated as disturbed or disordered.

Next, my child management skills were tested and honed at a correctional school run by nuns. I was given my keys and sent to my “dorm,” where 24 delinquent adolescents awaited. I was replacing their group counselor, who had just had a “nervous breakdown” and left precipitously. They began work on me immediately, having perfected the art of driving caretakers away. I worked alone and waited six months for a proper day off. Over time and through mutual terrors and tears, we (my girls and I) worked it out. Being “committed” for 18 months, they had no choice but to stay. I stayed by choice, and learned. By now I had been in

the field six years, was making under \$5,000/ year and realized that I could continue direct service work and a life at or below poverty levels, or follow the trend and “move on.” I wanted to stay; I also wanted to feel proud and to have days off and to be able to afford to eat out occasionally. A consultant accused me of “hiding in the institution,” a common accusation against “line workers” who had the ability to do “more” with their lives. After discussion and deliberation, I agreed that life on the line was not practical and I began to make my career moves. I struggled with pulls to leave the field, and a strong desire to stay. Why leave just when you’re figuring it out? What’s better about being a therapist?

I enrolled in a community college offering an Associate Degree in Child Care, then moved on to a state University. Child Care was my primary interest, but there were no degrees in Child Care unless I was willing to move to another state, which I wasn’t. So along with most others in the field, I pursued degrees in other disciplines, figuring out ways to write papers and do research projects in child care as part of my academic programs. I worked nights in a residential treatment center while I completed my B.A. degree (double major in Special Education and Psychology: i.e., related fields). I was promoted to supervisor of a new program (this time I was ready) and went on to earn a Master’s degree, realizing that while challenge and excitement waited on the line, influence was primarily available in other positions.

A late bloomer academically, I now had the necessary credentials to become an

administrator. So at age 35 I became the Executive Director of a residential shelter care program. It felt good. I was still at home in a residential child care program, but with increased prestige, influence, and earnings. A commitment was made to staff the program entirely with personnel who had spent at least some time “on the line.” The plan worked well. Although I moved on to other responsibilities after six years, the program continues to thrive and I am still welcome there as a training consultant when I am in town.

Moving on became important for me when I realized that administrative positions had very much to do with money and very little to do with direct service, which I missed. A way to combine my interest in the quality of direct service with a need to exert influence and pay bills was provided when an attempt to establish a collegebased program for child care workers was begun in my state. I accepted the position of Assistant Professor and taught child care workers at two academic institutions for the next three years. During this time my urge to move on to other pursuits diminished further. It is an unfortunate sign of the infancy of the field, however, that neither of the two Child Care education programs with which I was involved survived. An analysis of these failures is provided by Linton and Forster (1988), and merits attention by those of us who continue to follow our hearts in commitment to children in residential child care. That academic options are so sparse, after twenty-five years, is troubling. And telling. But that’s another article. Excellent treatment of this issue is provided by VanderVen and

Tittnich (1986).

At present I am working as a training consultant in a consulting partnership whose membership is comprised of individuals who have committed their lives to the care of individuals in residential facilities. Though now armed with academic credentials and experiences as administrators and educators, each of us has worked “on the line” and retained the conviction that direct care positions are most crucial in terms of quality of care. Our years of experience combined with recognized credentials allow us to advocate for quality of care with increased authority and influence. I don’t look to “move on”; I’m happy here.

Yes, Virginia, there is a life in Child Care. Although the options are not what I’d like (I’d like to see gifted direct service workers able to stay on the line and make a decent living), there are several ways to love our vulnerable kids that assure their safety and promote their chances for satisfactory adjustments to life. We can do this through direct care, through informed and supportive supervision, through management positions that allow influence over the quality of care, through teaching and training, and through writing. We can move around without moving on!

Most children and youth in care did not volunteer to be with us. And they shouldn’t. Children know what we can remember: that residential child care should not be necessary. Children deserve better. Children deserve safe and loving homes and families. But children do not always get what they deserve. They get us instead. The only “justice” then is to be cared for by women and men who

commit themselves to their care. Women and men who believe that the importance of the job demands at least as much education as is required for those who teach. Women and men who give themselves to the care of children and not who use them as steps to climb on in efforts to reach loftier positions. The development of the profession requires Child Care Workers who devote themselves to personal development. The development of injured children requires Child Care Workers who voluntarily commit themselves to care for involuntary charges in any of the many ways now available.

References

- Krueger, M. (1981). *Job satisfaction for child care workers*. Milwaukee. Tall Publishing
- Linton, T.E. and Forster, M. (1988). The child and youth care workers: who needs them?. *Journal of Child Care*, 3, 4. pp.1-10
- Linton, T.E. and Forster, M. (1988). Reflections on the University’s role in professional child care: An Illinois experience. *Child and Youth Care Quarterly*, 17,1. pp. 51-64.
- VanderVen, K. and Tittnich, E. (Eds.) (1986). *Competent caregivers – competent children: Training and education for child care practice*. New York. The Haworth Press, Inc.

Originally published: *Journal of Child and Youth Care Work*, 5. Summer.1989.

Child & Youth Care Practitioners and the Scientific Method

Jack Phelan

Child and Youth Care Practice is a social science field, and we can use scientific approaches to increase our understanding of what we can do to be helpful. Basically, I am proposing that we collect data and apply analytic thinking to evaluate present methods and discover new awareness about CYC beliefs.

Data collection requires the scientist to be unbiased and observant. I think that we accomplish this when we are curious and humble as we interact with the youth and families in our care. Curiosity requires open-ended questioning and a willingness to see the positive intent in behavior and beliefs. Humility is the skill of being calm and unthreatened when dealing with attitudes and beliefs which challenge our own assumptions, beliefs and truths about our life positions.

Science is involved with naming and describing events, and then finding explanations or principles that hold true about those events.

The scientific method has five steps;

- State the problem
- Form a hypothesis
- Observation and experimentation
- Interpreting data
- Drawing conclusions

When we look at the problems which present themselves in CYC practice, I see us generally dealing with examples of people having difficulties with functioning in life situations. Most types involve social and external functioning and/or emotional and internal functioning.

An overall hypothesis I have formed is that people respond logically and truthfully to situations to create a result that is in their own best interest.

My experience in the CYC field has convinced me that there is a great deal of data which is ignored or distorted by the observer practitioners because it does not fit into existing assumptions and beliefs.

Experimentation is severely limited for most practitioners by a fear of losing control or being criticized by influential others.

Interpreting data, when much of the data is ignored or distorted, is another problem. As we expand the range of our data collection strategies, our interpretations will greatly expand.

Drawing conclusions must also include the possibility of being wrong and needing to rethink our basic approaches, since science is regularly creating conclusions which challenge existing truths.

Some examples of scientific thinking which have informed my practice with youth and families might be helpful as illustrations.

A youth who refuses to acknowledge me, ignoring my “Hello”, being angry and verbally aggressive when I try to engage him in conversation, avoiding any direct contact unless clearly necessary. The data collected included the actual words spoken to me, generally creating embarrassment or defensiveness on my part, the intensity or lack of it based on the amount of physical space between us, the sense of anxiety I observed when contact was inevitable between us. Because I am aware of attachment dynamics, some of this seemed reasonable, but I continued to see the aggression and anxiety as his problem until I hypothesized that I was the cause and could influence this. The anxiety which he experienced was being created by my clumsy attempts to interact more directly and closely with him than he could allow. I experimented with interacting in non-direct ways, speaking to him through addressing another youth who he was with at the time, staying physically far enough away to allow him to manage his anxiety and creating physical closeness that was unthreatening to him (sports,

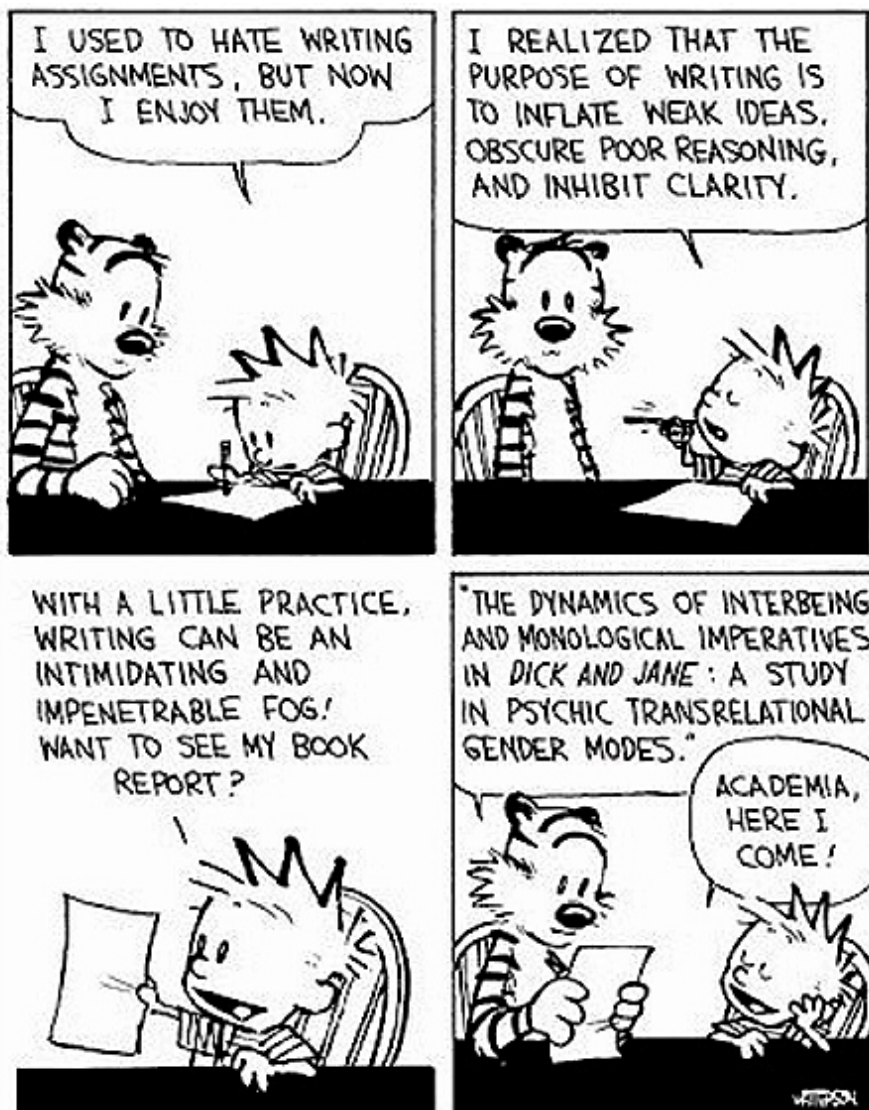
seating arrangements at events). The data that I was ignoring was his very reasonable reactions to my uninvited closeness attempts. My interpretation included adjusting my own need for connection to fit into his ability to accept this.

Another example; a youth who will not voluntarily admit to behavior that would result in punishment, and thus appeared to be a liar and a sneak. Moral thinking theory explains this as being ego-centric and child-like. I regularly observed this youth deny behavior that would be easily checked out by the CYC practitioner, then get angry when confronted with the “truth” later on and punished. The problem from the adult point of view is lying, but the problem from the youth point of view might be quite different. When the youth got angry at being punished for lying, I was confused, because it was perfectly reasonable to me. In fact, since we both knew that I would be checking to see if he was telling the truth, it was not logical for him to lie. My explanation for this, based on no data, is that he is a “pathological” or habitual liar. As I re-examined these interactions, I listened more carefully and heard the youth being angry at me for being unreasonable and not helpful, often expressed as me not understanding him. I formed a new hypothesis, which was that he was not lying, but telling the truth. His view of right and wrong was different than mine perhaps. It actually would be wrong to say anything that would result in punishment (see Kohlberg) and so it was right to deny it. The youth sees the question as the problem, not his answer. The CYC worker asked a question for which there

is a right answer, denial, then punished the youth for doing the right thing. The best interaction would be to not ask this youth about behavior which I can easily check on my own and which he cannot logically admit to. When I continue to set him up to get into trouble I am eroding our relationship and convincing him that I do not know how to help him.

The ability to listen openly can be

enhanced by taking a more scientific approach. This is especially helpful when we are confronted with behavior or beliefs which we label as self-destructive or inappropriate. Our expanded awareness of what is actually happening for the other person can only help. Next month I will discuss some of our more egregious CYC truths and beliefs which have no scientific basis.





THE INTERNATIONAL CHILD AND YOUTH CARE NETWORK

CYC-Online Direct Advertising Rates

Size	Standard	x3 insertions	x6 insertions	x12 insertions
Full page	\$250.00	\$200.00	\$150.00	\$100.00
1/2 page	\$187.50	\$150.00	\$112.50	\$ 85.00
1/4 page	\$125.00	\$100.00	\$ 75.00	\$ 50.00
1/8 page	\$100.00	\$ 75.00	\$ 50.00	\$ 30.00

Price is per monthly issue, per insertion. Full amount payable at first insertion. Deadline - 7 days before monthend.

MATERIAL SPECIFICATIONS

Please send all relevant artwork to admin@cyc-net.org

Files: Only TIFF, PDF, EPS or high resolution JPG will be accepted. All images should be CMYK.

Image resolution 300 dpi at 100%

Fonts: If using PDF, either embed fonts or please supply ALL fonts with the documents, or convert fonts to paths.

TECHNICAL INFORMATION

Size	Layout	Width	Height
Full page	Portrait (5mm bleed)	200mm	260mm
1/2 page	Portrait	95mm	260mm
	Landscape	200mm	125mm
1/4 page	Portrait	95mm	125mm
	Landscape	200mm	60mm
1/8 page	Portrait	40mm	125mm
	Landscape	95mm	60mm

Activity-Based Learning for Practice in a Bi-Cultural World

Leon Fulcher

Education for practice in child and youth care, social work, nursing, teaching and youth work professions frequently involves learning opportunities provided outside college or university classrooms, especially when regional cross-cultural practice competencies are a requirement of accreditation.

This short ethnography follows a week with adult learners as they were immersed in traditional Maori living and learning environments in partial fulfilment of Treaty of Waitangi obligations for professional education in New Zealand. Cross-cultural learning begins through a bi-cultural lens – your culture and mine – as students leave personal and cultural comfort zones and enter the cultural world of another.

Wednesday: Victoria University Te Herenga Waka Marae]

0830 hours and the Victoria University field trip begins. The journey from Wellington to Ruatahuna (in the heart of New Zealand's North Island te Urewera



bush) involves more than 100 mature students: half from the Department of Maori Studies and the others from the Department of Social Work. Ten staff, half of these Maori, will be guiding the field trip and the activities in which all will participate. *Karakia* (prayers) are said at *Te Herenga Waka Marae* (the university centre for Maori students and staff); buses, van and cars are loaded, fees banked, and we are off ... 1700 hours and the *powhiri* (welcome) at Mokai Marae with Raukawa peoples north of Taupo begins. One is struck yet again by the way that Maori peoples devised elaborate social structures and processes whereby strangers

could meet without conflict. The speakers of the home *marae* (the *tangata whenua*) go first, followed by speakers on behalf of the *manuhiri* (or visitors). *Waiata* (or musical chants) are sung after each speech. The final speaker for the visitors lays a *koha* (a sum of money) on the ground which represents gratitude felt by the visitors towards their hosts ... The feast which follows includes many platefuls of smoked trout, singing and laughter. Then 100 of us slept together in the *wharenui* (meeting house), followed by cold showers.

Thursday

The morning drive to Murupara is delayed when a bus breaks down. Maori students are sent ahead to fulfil cultural obligations at Rangitahi College where young Maori students are encouraged to consider a university education. The winter sun shines brightly, the music is becoming more rehearsed, our *hongis* (ceremonial pressing of noses) less self-conscious and the excitement mounts as the party nears its destination. 1630 hours arrival at Ruatahuna where the group is welcomed on to the *Mataatua Marae* as guests of the *Ngai Tuhoe* people. *Whaikorero* (formal speeches outside the meeting house), *kai* (food), *karakia* and *mihimihi* (formal speeches inside the meeting house); it is nearly midnight. One last task remains, involving my laying the *kaupapa* (presenting a formal proposal to those assembled in the meeting house) for an endowed readership in social work. Mine is the first and only speech of the day in *te reo Pakehe* (English). Cups of tea mark the end of the day.



Friday: Ngai Tuhoe Matatua Marae – Ruatahuna, Te Urewera]

Breakfast is followed by the first sitting of court, reviewing cases where the *rahi* (prohibition in the speaking of English) has been broken. After court, the group descends upon the local primary school which operates from a bi-cultural perspective. We are told by the *pae arahi* (pillar of strength who guides social work in all things Maori) that when he attended this school as a child, the punishment for speaking Maori had involved being sent out to a patch of bush and clearing it of certain species of greenery. All Tuhoe children must leave Ruatahuna to obtain a secondary school education, requiring residential schooling in other parts of New Zealand. More worrying is the fact that family networks in New Zealand's rural communities bear the brunt of secondary education costs to support their children going off to residential schools. With 85 per cent of Ruatahuna families on pensions or welfare and these same families having to subsidize a third of the cost of secondary education, it is clear that rural families - especially Maori families - carry a heavy economic burden for educational services which are freely available to urban families. The day finishes with a three-hour

question and answer session, conducted through interpreters on the idea of an endowed readership at the university which would be developed in partnership with the Tuhoë people and would be known as the *Te Rangihau Scholar*. To my delight there is agreement in principle.



**Saturday: Ngai Tuhoë
Maungapohatu Marae, Te Urewera]**

Enter a time warp at *Maungapohatu* Marae, a very old marae in one of the most remote parts of New Zealand's North Island. Once the scene of a thriving community before The Great War, with an economy and banking system which supported 1,600 families, now only one *kuia* (wise old woman) looks after the marae and I am challenged to learn more about the Scottish lawyer turned Presbyterian missionary – one John Laughton – who settled at Manugapohatu in the 1920s and spent the rest of his life among the Tuhoë people.

It was the custom of this marae that the *manuhiri* are served their meals in the *wharenuī*, a practice which is *tapu* (prohibited) in most Maori meeting houses. A wee dram of Johnny Walker at the end of the day leaves the head swimming with thoughts and reflections.

**Sunday: Ngai Tuhoë
Ohau-te-Rangi Marae – Te Urewera]**



A photographic sortie for two ended up being a bi-cultural foursome with Koro Makarini Temara, walking us through John Laughton's mission home and the school on land given by the Maungapoatu elders shortly before Rua's return from imprisonment. Rua and Laughton came to a cautious agreement which meant that Rua and the old people would continue with their Ringatu religion. Laughton would be free to teach the children and their parents in his own Scottish Presbyterian way. A concert involving all students and staff brings the whole group back together again.

Whilst our group was at *Maungapohatu*, another smaller group was visiting the isolated *Ohau-te-rangi* Marae situated roughly eight miles by foot or horseback into the Urewera bush, a natural meeting place from the four corners of Ngai Tuhoë. A third group had remained on the home marae at *Mataatua*. Each group was buzzing with stories that had to be shared and happy time after the concert was a long one.

Monday: Student Wananga – Te Waimako Marae, Te Urewera]



A rest day after the events of the night before. Sleep, quiet conversations, bringing diary entries up to date, a children's competition and then the *hakari* or leaving feast. The traditional delicacy of the Urewera region *Kereru* (sacred bird) used to be ceremoniously prepared and presented with *haka* (chant). Only the hands were used to open the bird, cooked whole and complete with entrails. Men were required to eat the front part of the bird, saving the fleshier and plumper exterior parts of the bird for the women. Our last session of *karakia* is very special for the entire group. The day ended with a second sitting of court, this time in the *wharenui* (meeting house where we slept). Our distinguished *koro* (leader and elder) faced charges for breaking the *rahui* prohibition on the use of English at *Maungapohatu* Marae during a Scotch whisky drinking session. He had been heard to say something about speaking with eloquence in English. Much laughter prevailed although many drifted off to sleep well before court is finished. The eight-mile hike brought snores to even

those who had fought snoring-induced insomnia sleeping together in a large group for nearly a week.

Tuesday

Te Hokinga Mai (the journey home) and the field trip approaches its end. Speeches (or *korero*) in the *wharekai* (dining room) signals thanks and appreciation to the hosts and the guests for their part in making the visit a success. The *wharenui* is cleaned, buses packed, good-byes offered and thanks extended. A meeting with the Director-General of the Department of Social Welfare in three days' time will signal the date of our next visit to Ruatahuna and the prospect of further dialogue about the *Te Rangihau Scholar* position. As a learning medium, the field trip raised the consciousness of all who participated, thereby highlighting the importance of this teaching method in professional and vocational education.

Note

1. The original content was first published in the weekly DON'S DIARY column about a week in the life of a University Professor, *Times Higher Education Supplement*, 28 August 1988, p. 10.



HISTORICAL

An Appreciation of Finchden Manor

Finchden Manor was a therapeutic community for disturbed adolescents. No longer open, in its day there were 40 boys, 10 staff, 8 dogs, 4 grand pianos and countless cats and the boys took it in turns to do the cooking and chores. As a Finchden Manor old boy, I know it offered a compassionate answer to the problem of young offenders. — Tom Robinson

No-one who knew him at all well is likely to deny that in his chosen sphere George Lyward had a gift which can only be described as genius, by which I mean a gift comparable to that of a poet, a gift which leaves both the poet himself and the listener (or reader) face to face with a mystery. Of that mystery George Lyward was intensely aware and knew that he had been called to communicate it and co-operate with it through the exercise of his genius in creative personal relationships, and above all in the

creation of the community with which his name is always associated, the community of Finchden Manor.

— John Prickett

“We offer the consistency of security of this order to many who have been held in by rules without the flexibility to bend so that as in the reed a snap takes place rather than a fruitful yielding.

This means we work within a structure which produces limits of the kind which en-

courage growth because coming up against them is made to be developmental.

Finchden Manor is organic and can appear disorganised. It depends how deeply the observer sees into education and growth through the frictions which could be ironed out. The choice is between the smoothness of efficiency and the turmoil of life.

This, I hope it is clear, does not mean that there is not a need for meticulous care and professional timing to achieve and maintain this environment, to the extent that the whole may seem something of a paradox.

The atmosphere is of a poetic nature and is quickly lost in prose form. However what do we give the boys:

1. **RECOGNITION.** This is of them for what they are and as an individual person, if only in embryo. Experience enables us to act therapeutically in support of this. The spotting of camouflage, the interpretation of needs, actions, frustrations, self-pity, etc.

2. **RESPECT.** As persons. Not case histories or subjects for theorising.

3. **RESPONSE.** To their real and sometimes imagined needs. Sometimes only to their wants if one can get no nearer.

4. **RELATIONSHIP.** Is what is being worked for and of course covers past, present and future.

How do we approach this in practical terms?

a) By remaining open; at any time and any place to anything - almost. Please note the

almost. We are not permissive.

(b) Involved are instinct, intuition (remember 1% inspiration to 99% perspiration), quick-wittedness, light-heartedness, waiting and seeing, manipulative powers, the employing on occasion of delaying tactics, where necessary the taking of evasive action, while remaining true to one's convictions and belief in the best way to help the boy in question.

None of this must be allowed to become mere technique, but there is a technique of leaving the door open (for advance or retreat of oneself or the boy), leaving situations retrievable, not committing oneself while not being non-committal. In fact, quite often treading a middle path while remaining positive in one's approach.

The potential makes possible the reciprocation, however hesitantly, of the three R's — Recognition, Respect, Response and the aim — Relationship.

This is what is lived throughout Finchden and can be generated from within. It is heart rather than head to the point of apparent irrationality, but the emotions are of the heart.

Of course there is tension for a staff which has to have its head screwed on tight to meet the level of a disturbed boy's challenge. But the staff allow for the feeling intellect.

... "That grace which dwells between one possibility and another, perceiving and revealing a pattern beneath the surface of experience without wishing to impose a style upon it".

By now it is clear that discipline is self discipline fostered in the ripeness of time as in the family. That is what we and they do all day.

Added to this there is opportunity to learn, to play, to act, to take sharing on to participation - when the time is ripe. One is working for reconciliation of one kind or another. On the way one is for ever called upon to be elastic but not stretched, to be close and stand back, to meddle and not touch and to create a rhythm so that out of all the give and take is born the pulse (through restriction ultimately) of freedom. Faith is needed. A boy needs to doubt. I don't shy from the word 'mystery', but believe it is worked for, paid for, by perpetual vigilance in the cause of wholeness.

The music critic of the *Observer* wrote:

"In the final resort all art is a resolution of disparate elements in an organic unity. The fact that these elements are potentially hostile gives a work its tension, without which it is lifeless. The fact that they are none the less capable of resolution gives a work its unity without which it is unsatisfying. But if both these contrasting conditions are to be fulfilled, the material out of which (music) is to be fashioned must undergo a series of events whose relationship may be neither straightforward nor immediately apparent."

PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE

For better or worse, there is a logic in the development of institutions stronger than the intentions of those who shape them

The Rules come from the work itself.

There is no greater disloyalty to the great pioneers of human progress than to refuse to budge an inch from where they stood.

George Lyward

George Lyward was a charismatic educationalist who lived between 1894 and 1973. He is best known for achieving outstanding results at Finchden Manor, a therapeutic community for disturbed boys.

Bus loads of social workers travelled to its location, near Tenterden in Kent, to seek the secret of his success. Walking around the ramshackle huts, they saw boys playing guitars, kicking footballs, tending gardens and, in some cases, engaged in study. Finally the visitors crammed into the large hall and bombarded George with questions. "What therapy do you believe in," they asked. "What is the staff's role? They seem to do little except watch the boys."

"You are right, they watch the boys," said George. "Watching is one of the hardest things to do in life. Our staff watch the boys painting, mending cars, playing music, helping each other or whatever. They look for when the boy 'comes alive'. They then nurture the boys' talent and help them to shape their future life."



"Hello" he said, looking at me piercingly for a moment over his glasses before adding softly "You're very lonely aren't you?" I practically burst into tears on the spot. After all the drugs and psychiatric nonsense, here at last was someone who understood, saw at once where I was hurting and knew how to make the hurting stop. I instinctively trusted him with my life.

— Tom Robinson

—

I stayed at Finchden because it felt like home. Like many others, I came to have a larger family at Finchden. There are people who don't respond to it - who react against it I have even met a few who are shocked by it, but I have met many more who remember their time there as liberating, joyous and full of fun.

— Sallie Roberts

—

Adolescence. When the eyes change from mirrors to windows.

— *Readers Digest*

—

Because of the fear of the open door they will test the boundaries for the reassurance of their presence; not to go through them.

— D.P.H

—

"The only freedom which deserves the name is that of pursuing our own good in our own way, so long as we do not attempt to deprive others of theirs, or impede their efforts to obtain it".

— John Stuart Mills

'I like you,' Mr Lyward said to a new candidate.

'I like you, too,' squeaked the boy, described as unresponsive, and compelled to wear a deaf aid which he never used again.

—

This has been an anthology of ideas and impressions gathered from the internet from people who had some connection with George Lyward and the Finchden Manor experience. Google "Lyward" or "Finchden" for an interesting hour or two of browsing.

Before my husband and I became parents, we imagined ourselves in various parental scenarios. I think I pictured lots of warm fuzzy moments lying in sunbeams with sweet smelling, giggling babies. Naively, explaining vast, complicated and sometimes scientific and ethical concepts to my little darlings was not something I anticipated.

My daughter has always asked a lot of questions, and we have built up a library of high quality (mostly hand-me-down) books describing how various things function. Her favourite time to ask questions is at bedtime, when we're lying down reading stories and I am usually so exhausted that I can actually hear my own bed calling to me. "So, how do you make a needle?" isn't usually a question I want to hear at this time.

"A sewing needle?" I ask.

"Yes, you know, a sewing needle."
Nope, absolutely no idea. I barely know how to thread a needle, let alone how to create one. At times like this, we, as par-



Questions and Answers

Liz Laidlaw

ents, are thankful for the clever people who invented Google and Wikipedia. I realize there is no guarantee that the answers we find on the Internet are true, but at least they are something, anything, a small concrete morsel, a place to start. My daughter also likes to ask how new words are spelled. Once she knows, she has this amazing ability to absorb them and commit their spelling to memory. I feel very parental and grown up when I tell her, hands on my hips, to look up the word in question in our copy of the "Funk and Wagnall's Canadian College Dictionary", although I think I looked the

words up in our old "Oxford English Dictionary" when my mother said the same thing to me, her hands also on her hips.

These are easy questions. It gets trickier when the questions have to do with war, death and disease, all the things that make the front-page news. We can't rely on the Internet for the answers to these questions. A volunteer group that feeds the homeless in our city was recently without a central location, and my daughter saw their picture and story in the

newspaper. “Why are they hungry?” she asked. My daughter barely understands that there are starving people on the other side of the world. To grasp that there are starving people in our own city was a very difficult premise for her. To realize that there are students at her school who don’t get breakfast or lunch was inconceivable. Trying to explain this concept to her was agonizing because, really, I don’t understand how it can be possible either. It’s discouraging to explain things that aren’t logical, are unfair, but just simply are because that’s the way they are.

My son also asks a lot of questions, and struggles with the bigger theories of life in general. He is lost in the idea of linear time. He feels that our aging is a fluid thing that moves both forwards and backwards. We often fight over giving up some clothes (usually pajamas) that are too small for him. He desperately wants to keep them for when he’s a baby again. For a long time he didn’t believe he was a baby because he had no memory of being one, and because he was a second child, very few photographs existed of his time as an infant. Great effort was made to print off digital photos and create a photo album of his time as a wee bundle of joy. This pleases him very much. “I’m going to be a daddy when I grow up and I’ll live here and take care of my baby,” he says. I crush the instinct to have a long conversation with him about birth control, and just smile and say that the idea sounds fantastic, which, actually, it does. “But you’ll be old then, so I can take care of you too, and you can wear my Buzz Lightyear jammies,” he says earnestly, and I find it hard to shatter his images of nursing and

tending to me. I also find it frightening because perhaps he is correct in his predictions – he may well be taking care of me as an invalid elderly person who has reverted to wearing diapers. Maybe he knows way more than I do.

My son also didn’t believe that he came from my tummy. Yet another example of why it’s so important to use the correct biological terminology. We finally borrowed a book from a friend that showed a schematic diagram of a woman with a baby in her uterus. My son looked at me in horror and asked, “Did that Mommy EAT her baby?” I squashed the urge to tell him, *yes, that’s what happens to little children who don’t listen to their mothers*. But reason prevailed and we now have been through many books on the human body and the reproductive system, my son correctly naming all his bits and pieces (and anyone else’s if they’re interested).

Lately my son’s questions have hit an all time high. They gush out of him like a torrent. “Where does it all come from?” he asked recently while we were driving in the car.

“Where does what come from?” I asked nervously, not sure what he was getting at.

“You know, the trees, the houses, the cars, the roads, the sidewalks, the power lines, the grass, the bushes, the sky, the clouds, the birds, and all the stuff that’s inside my head.” I tried not to drive off the road and attempted to explain infrastructure to my almost five year old, while fighting off a rising feeling of panic in my chest. *I’ll have to Google it all when I get home*, I thought, trying to remember all his points.

When I related this to a very wise friend, she laughed at me (in a nice way), and told me the only thing I'll ever need to say. I actually had to write it down on a post-it note, which I now keep in my pocket. "***I don't know, what do you think?***" These are the most incredible words I have ever heard. They are engaging, empowering and inviting. Yes, I know we need to explain to our children how electricity works, why the sky is blue, and even why there are wars and homeless, hungry people. But we can also hopefully teach them to decide what they think, to make the connections between what they are told, what they read (once they are able), what they hear (from us and others), and what they feel.

I know I'm still trying to make all these connections, make sense of the world and my place in it. Talking about it with my children goes a long way to reminding us to stop for a minute and ask ourselves, really, ***what do we think?***

Originally published in *Relational Child and Youth Care Practice* 21.3, Fall 2008.



Machinery, Myths and Individuals

Laura Steckley

In the past, I've written about the moral panic we are experiencing in relation to touch between adults and children. This moral panic is squarely located in a societal preoccupation with the sexual abuse of children. In our efforts to prevent such abuse, we have constructed contact between adults and children, especially between adults and children outside the family environment, as inherently risky. Yet we know that the vast majority of sexual abuse occurs in familial contexts. Part of this seeming contradiction has to do with the fact that we, as a society, have more control or influence over the relations between non-related adult child interactions than those which occur within the family. It is in this realm that we feel we have the most effective impact on preventing abuse. So, we require background checks for any adult working with children and young people, whether they be coaches, teachers or residential child care workers.

In the main, this type of thing makes

sense and seems like the minimum we can do to try to safeguard children and young people. There are times, however, when an absolute, unthinking approach to this can be damaging to kids. In my sector, this manifested for a while in an urban myth that background checks were required for every adult in the household of a friend with whom a young resident of a care home wanted to spend the night. What kid wants to ask this of his friend's family so that he can be part of a sleep over? Instead, kids in residential care just miss out on these kinds of childhood experiences. At the same time, practitioners are likely influenced by this wider preoccupation/panic and may be acting in good faith in the best interests of the child. At worst, if their actions are more focused on protecting themselves or their own organisations, can we completely condemn them? What do you imagine the media and institutional response would be if a young resident of a care home were to be abused during an overnight stay at a

friend's house? One can understand how it is difficult to think clearly with all of this static.

Fortunately, here in Scotland, some colleagues at SIRCC went about actively challenging this myth. They collaborated with the Scottish Government, who distributed leaflets to local authorities debunking the myth.

These same colleagues went on to tackle other risk-averse practices with guidance entitled *Go Outdoors* (http://www.celcis.org/resources/entry/go_outdoors_guidance_and_good_practice_on_encouraging_outdoor_activities). This guidance is aimed at informing individual organisational practice, as well as influencing the sector as a whole. It can provide vital support for individual or organisational arguments in the effort to provide developmentally enhancing experiences, ones that may indeed involve risk. I'm not sure how much impact has been made by either of these efforts, but they're steps in the right direction.

So over the last couple of weeks, I've been thinking about similar issues in trying to carry out the business of our research ethics committee. A student in our School of Applied Social Sciences wants to carry out street interviews exploring movie goers' views about a particular film as part of her dissertation. This film happens to be aimed at teenagers, and so she would likely be interviewing young people.

Our students are required to have a background check before they can work with vulnerable groups on their placements, so this hasn't been much of an issue related to the subsequent disserta-

tions that they do. The checks are already in place. In this case, however, the student isn't on a course that involves placements and so she hasn't had a background check.

Should she be required to have one in order to get ethics approval to carry out her study? This has been the focus of several e-mail and face-to-face discussions over the last couple of weeks.

At this point, I'm compelled to confess that my initial inclination was to either suggest that the student chose a different topic or form of data collection, or to just go ahead and get the background check. Despite the fact that my gut was telling me that a background check was disproportionate to the level of risk involved, the managerialist machinery felt too overpowering for basic common sense. And anyway, when it comes to protecting kids (and, if we're to be honest, institutions), it would be reasonable to ask whose common sense should prevail?

So, after procrastinating for a day or two, I started to raise some questions. On one level, my query is pretty straight forward. On another level, it gets at the heart of our current dilemma. How do we – as a sector, as large organisations, as individuals within the current preoccupied climate – how do we strike a balance between, on the one hand, having systems that actually fulfil their primary aim (in this case of having systematic processes that protect potential research participants and researchers) when dealing with very large numbers, and on the other hand, ensuring that those systems don't obstruct or otherwise fail to serve individuals...especially individuals whose circumstances may not

fit the processes put in place?

I'll get back to an attempted answer in a minute, but first, I'll describe what happened. First, almost everyone who became involved in the discussions conveyed an awareness of the above dilemma and a willingness to work at arriving at a good answer (the only exception was the organisation responsible for carrying out background checks – the person here primarily just referred back to the general guidelines, which didn't help much, and would not comment on the particulars of our situation).

This wasn't a surprise as I find my colleagues to be reflective and committed pedagogues. Codes of Practice were consulted, as well as the aforementioned organisation, and we had ongoing e-mail discussions. And then something really interesting happened. A colleague consulted with someone higher up in the management of the university, someone with more expertise on this issue (something I hadn't been aware of before now). She gave the most useful



and informed advice, explaining why a background check shouldn't be necessary but stressing that the decision should rest with the School Ethics Committee.

Now given her expertise, the useful and informed advice shouldn't be a surprise. In some vague, unreflective part of my consciousness, however, I simply assumed that "the institution" would likely just want to protect itself and not go to the trouble of thinking through every little exception or nuance

to the code. And, why take an unnecessary risk, however small, when it's just easier to steer a student in another direction or simply yield to the rule? Perhaps the most surprising of all is the implicit trust being demonstrated by letting the committee de-

cide. Managerial approaches are about controlling workers through rules, codes, procedures and targets. This is what I was expecting, but that's not how it panned out at all.

So I've been thinking about what this all might mean, for my own practice and for our sector. It brings me back to this ques-

tion of balance. I won't contend that I always get it right in my various roles within the university. Nor will I claim that my university does. That managerialist machinery sometimes seems to have a life of its own. What I will say is this: that to get some sort of sane balance, we have to remember that institutions, organisations, and even 'the climate of moral panic' is made up of individuals. We can still act reflectively and relationally, together as individuals, without abdicating our agency to some rule (which in reality may be a misinterpretation or even just be an urban myth). The likelihood is that we won't succeed every time or have the energy to take up every battle. However, on this occasion I found people quick to jump in and help, and in the end, there was no battle. I wouldn't have found this out if I had succumbed to my first inclination.

Another essential component of striking this balance has to do with rules, codes, procedures or targets – they all have to serve the primary aim. The danger, of course, is that following or meeting them somehow becomes the aim. For this to be avoided, they have to be appropriately flexible and evolve with context and conditions of meeting the primary aim. They cannot replace the necessary work of discussion – discussion necessary to help us think clearly about our primary aim – but should aid it. When they don't serve our aim, they

should be challenged. So for us, the next step is to revise our code. Again, fortunately for me, there is no related battle. For the most part, I think I've been lucky and it will likely be harder the next time I bump up against "the machinery." At the end of the day, however, I do think the positive working relationships I have with the people involved at least played a part in the process. I can't take credit for this, but I would say that, due in large part to my CYC background, I am more relationally oriented and tend towards others of a similar disposition. So perhaps this is the key component: developing and working within good relationships, figuring things out through a discursive process, in order to effect change. And if you're a CYC'er reading this, this will come as no surprise.



"In the interests of spending more time with my children, I've put Bobby and Emily in charge of corporate strategy."

CONNECTIONS

Chris Baganz



It's amazing the places that we think of things. I got out of the shower the other day and I looked at my plant. I thought to myself how odd it was that I hadn't realized how big it had gotten recently. I water it and I see it, but I really hadn't looked at it for quite some time. I had made a connection.

I was driving down the highway that takes me home, to the place I grew up, when the wheels in my head started turning to the rhythm of my tires hitting the road. It's a good beat to sing to or to smoke to or to get lost in your thoughts to. I experienced the latter phenomenon. I was excited to be on my way home and I wasn't exactly sure why. I was looking forward to a bit of R & R.

I was looking forward to spending time with my sister, my brother, my mom, and my grandma. But it was more than that. That's when I remembered the plant. Maybe that's what I was really looking forward to: being connected. I smiled as I turned up the radio and lit a cigarette.

My first stop was at my sister's house. We chatted briefly about our lives. She explained that the tax season was an accountant's nightmare and she was right in the middle of it now. I give her credit; I could never work with numbers for a living. We also discussed our love lives lately. Our conclusion was that they are non-existent. I added that the kids at the community center where I do field work are so surprised that I do not have children of my own or that I'm not married or that I don't even have a boyfriend. I thought, "I'm only 25, a lot of people my age aren't married and don't have kids." She gave me credit for being able to work with kids. With that we were on our way out to eat.

I had missed my home and my family. But I guess most of my life has been spent trying to run away from it (or break free; I'm really not sure). I would go out to avoid problems at home and to get out of babysitting my brother, who is 10 years younger than me. I got into my own share

of trouble and explored the world, but I also had my share of responsibilities. That period was a foreshadowing of who I would be ... I just didn't know it yet.

We got to the restaurant and met up with my sister's friend, an unwed, unattached mother of three. My sister and she had become very good friends in the past few months and frequently conversed about self-help books that addressed problems they had in relationships with men. They were both "golden retrievers," according to one such book, the type of person that always tries to fix things in a relationship gone bad, even if that meant compromising themselves in the process. I didn't fit into any of the categories. I supposedly have my stuff together. I shared the story of my latest dating episode. We had previously been in a relationship in high school, stopped dating, and then resumed a relationship this past summer. The reason that we are no longer together again was simple, in my view: I needed support and someone to meet my emotional needs, and I wasn't getting it. I chose to dissolve that relationship after discussing these issues for months and nothing improved. It all seemed so simple to me; I said what I needed from a relationship, I didn't get it, so I terminated it. After relaying my thoughts out loud, I once again felt connected.

We ate our fish fries and chatted about topics as neutral as the weather.

Then there entered two more of my sister's friends. We finished our meals and headed to the bar. We made our introductions and got on the topic of our professions. Sue was 30-something and a school teacher at one of the Lutheran grade

schools in the area. Everyone of us had gone to parochial schools, and we could relate when she declared that she was a rebel faculty member. Here we were all smoking and drinking and having a really good time, and yet we were all okay with that. Not an easy task when one comes from a very repressed philosophy on life. I related some of my experiences of working at a community centre in Milwaukee.

"You know, Sue, I kind of envy you. You've got it kind of easy. If your kids are acting up, you can say 'Don't do that, because if you do, God's gonna be really mad at you.' I have to say 'Don't do that because ... because you're not supposed to.'"

We all got a laugh, but in reality, sometimes it is difficult. But I take into consideration my history and why I may think the way I do, and then I know. And I am aware of that.

Again I thought of my plant. Here I was, in a little hick bar in small town Wisconsin, analyzing my life. I never professed to being sane.

We all switched gears and started a few rounds of darts. We whooped and holed (perfectly acceptable behaviour in the run-down little bar) and drank and smoked and just had a really good time. I frolicked in the moment.

Nine a.m. on Saturday, however, my frolicking ended. I was at home and at my 15-year-old brother's disposal ... all day. We had our morning ritual breakfast of Cap'n Crunch, headed for the back door, and the day had begun. It was a wonderful day to be outside, too.

The air was crisp, but the sun was warm. And the only sounds I heard were

from cheerful birds and the water dripping off the roof from the melting snow. I looked at the beauty of the countryside around me. No roof-to-roof houses, no sirens, no loud neighbours ... just me and my brother.

We took out the snow tube and made a few runs down our driveway.

Too boring. Snowballs obviously weren't, as I felt one clock me upside my head.

"Of course you know, James, this means war." I collected my icy arsenal and torpedoed my brother. He, of course, had a pretty effective counterattack. "Prepare to die, little one," I exclaimed as I took off running, the perfect snowball in hand.

"Bring it on, baby. Give me your best shot."

I bounded down the lawn, confident that I was going to retaliate. My feet were light; I was catching up to him. I cocked my arm and prepared to release when I saw the ground about ready to smack my face. My feet hadn't been as light as I thought. I had tripped in the snow and was rolling head over heels down the hill.

I heard laughter getting closer to me as I attempted to wipe the snow off my face. There I was, face down, spread-eagled in a pile of snow, my perfect snowball lying crushed beside me.

"Are you okay? Haahaahaaa ..."

"Oh, yeah. You sound really concerned. No, I'm not okay. I'm in a pile of snow."

He reaches out his hand and pulls me up. "I wish I could have seen you. It must have looked pretty funny, 'cause you sure look funny now."

"Yeah, whatever," I grunted, trying to sound hurt. Then I began to laugh.

"I wish you would have seen me wipe out. I bet it looked pretty cool." I began brushing myself off. "You're lucky I'm getting old. Otherwise, I might have to kick your ass."

"I'm glad. You used to be really mean to me."

I was taken off guard by his statement, but refuted, "I'm supposed to be mean to you. You're my little brother. That's what big brothers and big sisters do."

"Yeah, I know. But I think that a lot of times you were meaner than you had to be."

The subject was obviously not going to be a passing thing as it had been many times before. This time it was different. This time he sounded like he really wanted to know. I was surprised by what I was about to say to him. "You know, James. It's like how you throw a fit when I tease you about mom ever having another baby. You're the baby of the family now and you wouldn't like anyone taking that away from you. That's what you did to me. But it's more than that. If you think about it, at your age, I was taking care of a five-year-old brat. I always got stuck babysitting you when all I wanted was to take care of me. Do you know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I suppose that would suck. Let's go do something else."

Maybe he wasn't as ready to hear my reasoning as he thought. Or maybe he was pondering what I'd said. I didn't ask; I was still in awe of what I had shared with my brother. It wasn't too long ago that I'd figured it out for myself, but somehow, saying it to my brother made it make even more sense.

The afternoon was filled with a little TV watching, a little Nintendo, and then an urge to do something a little different. We went bowling.

We drove down to the village alley, picked out the perfect bowling balls, and started our practice frames. We opted to do a couple; it had been a while and we were both a little rusty. Then the games were on.

The first game was pretty close; I won by only a few pins. The second game was a different story. James wasn't doing so well and he was becoming discouraged. I'm not a bowling professional, so the tips that I gave him were very minimal.

"You know, Chris," he interjected in the fifth frame, "I like bowling with you. Mom and Dad are always telling me what I'm doing wrong and what I should be doing right. You just let me bowl and have fun. How come?"

Hmm. Good question, I thought. "I guess it's because I figure if you want some pointers, you'll ask me. And it's like you said, you're playing to have fun, so if you're having fun, why ruin a good thing?"

"Are you nice like that to the kids you work with in Milwaukee?"

"I try to be," was the only response I could think of. As he took his next tum, I got lost in my head for a moment. I know that no one in my family has any understanding of why I chose to work with inner city kids, maybe not even me. But my brother just kind of spelled it out for me. I'm there to be giving of my undivided attention, to be a positive role-model, to be a trusted person in their lives ... and to just "be." I had never thought of it in that way before.

"Your tum, Chris."

"Thanks, bud," I said as I grabbed the ball. In my mind, it was a thanks for everything.

We made our way back home as the sun began to drift pretty low in the blue sky. It was late in the day, and time for me to head back to Milwaukee. But of course, I had to stay to see my brother's latest additions to his room, his brand new stereo complete with a karaoke set-up. I couldn't leave until we both took turns murdering the melodies to a couple of songs. But with that, I packed up my car, visited a bit with my mom and my grandma and my brother, gave hugs and kisses to everyone, and was on my way back to my other home.

I was back on that highway again, and in a sense, on my way back to reality. It never ceases to amaze me that no matter how relaxed one gets, it doesn't take long at all to think about this thing that needs to be done or that thing that was forgotten and really needs to be done. But beyond that, I began to think about what I'd discovered about me this weekend. I used to think that trying to figure everything out was exhausting; now I realize it can be even more enlightening.

I rearranged myself in my seat, took a sip of my soda and a drag off my cigarette, listened to the sound of the road, and thought about getting back to watering my plant.

Reprinted from the *Journal of Child and Youth Care*, Vol. 13 No.4 pp.95-99

The Eye Has It!

My wife came back the other day from walking the dog out in the field behind our house.

“Wow. The bugs were nasty out there,” she said. “I got bites all over my legs, my arms, they were swarming around my face. Stupid black flies.”

I looked at her more closely. “Do you have a cut on your right eye? There’s a spot of blood right in the corner.”

She shrugged.
“Must have been a black fly. Man, they were brutal.”

So she went out, gathered the laundry off the line while I finished taking the weed whacker to the edges of the grass. A few minutes later she came back, a full basket under her arm.

“Can you have a look at this?” she asked. “I think there might be some swelling ...”

Whoa. Hello, Quasimodo. I gasped.

Her eye had swollen, alright. It was pretty much swollen shut. The tissue around it was red and inflamed and puffed up to the size of a golf ball.

I didn’t say anything. I didn’t need to, I guess. Her left eye was still good enough

to see the expression on my face.

“It’s that bad?”

“Well, not terrible,” I lied.

“But we have to go out tonight.”

It was true. That night we were going out to an open-air concert we had been looking forward to.

“You’ll be fine,” I said. And then I looked at her again and started to giggle.

I know, I know. Horridly unsympathetic. But she’s

gotten black fly bites before. She doesn’t react well to them. She swells up, takes an antihistamine, and a few hours later she’s none the worse for it. So it’s not like she came in and showed me she’d cut off her thumb with an ax or run over her foot with



the mower. It was a bug bite. Welcome to Canada in the summer.

But to be fair, this was pretty gross. Because now it looked like she’d gone a round or two with Mike Tyson. The puffing had closed her eye shut.

“I can’t go out in public like this,” she pouted.

“Oh, don’t be silly. Nobody will even notice,” I said. (I really wanted to go to

the concert.)

She looked in the bathroom mirror.
“Oh, good LORD. I look like a monster.”

“No, no. It’s just the lighting in there. You look fine.” I think I might have been more convincing if every time I looked at her I hadn’t broken into fits of giggles. Because yes, she did look a little ... well, disfigured.

“What am I going to do?” she wailed.

“Oh, just wear your glasses,” I said.

“That should hide the worst of it.”

In fact, that was a stone cold lie. They don’t make glasses that could hide what was going on with her right eye. It was still puffing. In the most garish, flamboyant period of his career, Elton John did not own a set of glasses that could distract attention from what was now an eye the size of a regulation baseball.

(But I really, really wanted to go to the concert.)

“You really think nobody will notice?”

“Really. It’s just a little bug bite.”

So we arrived at the concert, and as we walked in, we ran into an old friend.

“Hi, guys,” said Jon, cheerily. Then he looked at my wife and blanched. “Dear God, what happened to your eye? Are you alright?”

“It’s just a black fly bite,” I said, trying to minimize the impact of his evident horror.

“Shouldn’t you be in Emergency?” he asked. He was very nice, very solicitous, so concerned about my wife’s health. I wanted to kill him.

And my wife? Well, she wanted

to kill me.

““It’s just fine”,” she parroted. ““No-body will notice. Just wear some glasses.” So you take me out, knowing I look like The Elephant Man. Thank you so much.”

“That’s it!” I said. “The Elephant Man! If people start talking about your eye, you just scream out, “I am not an animal! I am a human being!” And maybe we can get a bag for your head, like he had. It’ll be funny.”

Well ... perhaps only to me. She just did not see the humour in it. Not even a little bit.

It was a great concert. I think my wife really enjoyed the music, even through her one good eye. And by the next day, her eye was just fine, as I knew it would be.

For my part, I felt so badly for her that I stayed by her side all night.

Her right side, of course. Safer on that side.

You can’t hit what you can’t see.



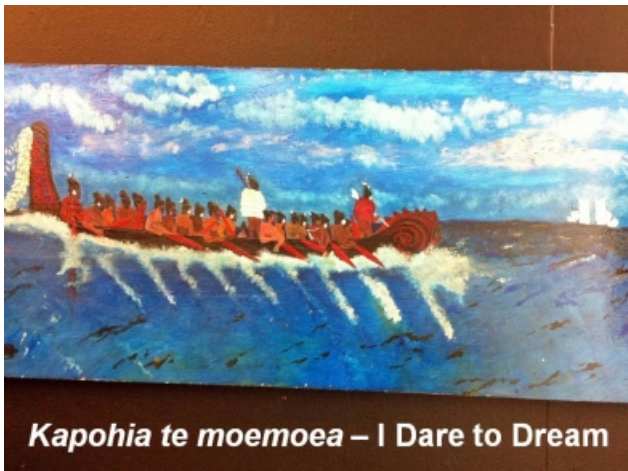
“The blood tests confirm what we thought: He has ALBD — Annoying Little Brat Disorder.”



Postcard from Tairāwhiti – Gisborne, New Zealand

Kia ora. Greetings from Gisborne on the East Cape of New Zealand’s North Island where I recently attended an amazing art exhibition at the Eastern Institute of Technology’s *Toihoukura Kotuku Art Gallery*. We were invited to an exhibition of two Diploma graduates’ work called *Kapohia te moemoea – I dare to dream*. Both artists have lived since birth with developmental challenges. Their art reinforced a strengths-focus on ability, not disability!

ily and friends of the artists who had travelled from the Lake Waikaremoana and Hawkes Bay regions, supporting Alan and Bruce at their first art exhibition.



Kapohia te moemoea – I Dare to Dream

Artist Bruce Morris’ Waka–Maori War Canoe Engaging Captain Cook

We were offered a formal welcome called *powhiri* as visitors to the *Toihoukura* Gallery. This involved local EIT art programme people greeting *whanau*-fam-



Powhiri – Welcome to Manuhiri-Visitors at Toihoukura – EIT Gallery

My *mihimihi* acknowledged Alan through his *Ngai Tuhoe* Mother, Huhana; his World War II War Hero Grandfather, Koro Joe Takuta; his Uncle Piripi Takuta; and his other Uncle ‘Little Joe’ of the *Waikaremoana, Ruatahuna* and *Taneatua* villages of *te Rohe o Ngai Tuhoe* also known as the *Urewera* National Park.

His mother has said that Alan felt different from her other three children from almost the earliest stirrings. Alan was diagnosed from birth with autism spectrum



Artist Alan Takuta-Moses with Mum, Uncle Piripi and Ancestral Moko

disorder. An hour's drive from the nearest hospital presented many challenges for this youngest *mokopuna* or grandchild of the *Koroua* Joe Takuta who served with distinction in North Africa and Italy in the Maori Battalion. The artist and his mother stand beside Alan's portrait of the 'moko' or traditional Maori tattooing that featured on his grandmother's chin.



Alan with Former Pupils of Te Kura o Waikaremoana Native School

During the reception celebrating Alan and Bruce's art, I reflected back to this school-age image of Alan and the children of *Te Kura o Waikaremoana*. Since birth, Alan has been a full participant in the daily activities of family, extended family and tribal routines. There was no special ed for Alan, only a small rural school that pursued holistic education that supported his artistic potential.



Alan's Vision of Ruapani Whakapapa – Ancestry at Waikaremoana

Alan's painting called *Ruapani* reflects his autistic vision of one important sub-tribe or *hapu* of his own ancestral tribe, *Te Iwi Ngai Tahu*. His work highlights family connections, in spite of counter claims about tribal status for Ruapani. Different grounds in formal Treaty of *Waitangi* negotiations with the Crown.

Congratulations to faculty members, tutors, students and friends of the *Tairāwhiti Toihoukura* Art Programme and their world-class support for young people and families living with developmental challenges in rural communities.

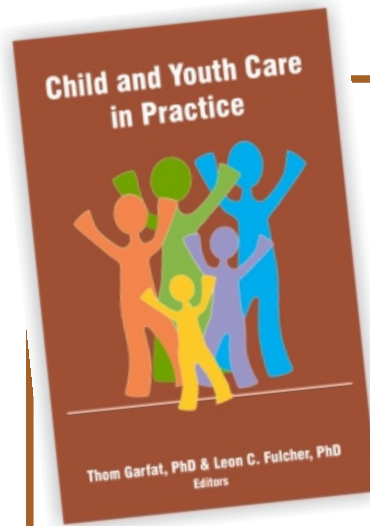


Manuhiri – Visitors Examining Alan’s Diploma of Arts Portfolio



Ngai Tuhoe Alan’s Vision of Tino Rangatiratanga–Maori Sovereignty

The so-called ‘autistic’ colours and images in Alan’s representation of Maori sovereignty were breathtaking! *Kia Kaha Alan!* Stand Tall All Youthful Artists!



Child and Youth Care in Practice

Thom Garfat & Leon Fulcher - editors

Child and Youth Care in Practice brings together some of the best of contemporary writings on Child and Youth Care practice. Starting with an updated version of the characteristics of a CYC approach and ranging from practice-based evidence that informs evidence-based Outcomes that Matter through to direct care, supervision and management, through education to creative arts, Child and Youth Care in Practice demonstrates the application of a Child and Youth Care approach across many areas of our work.

Drawing upon writings from different parts of the world, this is a practice ideas book for college courses, teams, trainers, carers, managers and individual practitioners. Child and Youth Care in Practice shows the expanse and connectedness of our field. It is a testament to the evolution of a Child and Youth Care approach.

Child and Youth Care in Practice is available in soft cover (\$19.95) or Adobe PDF e-book format (\$14.95).

To order, visit www.pretext.co.za/shop or email info@pretext.co.za or thom@transmaction.com

EndNotes



Is this a look of avoidance unwelcoming as it seems or is it just just a lack of any expectation in an unengaged life

Or could the corner of his eye be watchful and alert to a possible encounter long awaited but longed for

Our approach, our response could be the start of something altogether different

From one who works with people —

A cri de coeur

As a psychiatrist, I run into a major difficulty at the outset; how can I go straight to the patients if the words at my disposal keep the patient at a distance from me?

How can one demonstrate the general human relevance and significance of the patient's condition if the words one has to use are specially designed to isolate and circumscribe the meaning of the patient's life to a particular clinical entity?

It seems extraordinary that whereas the physical and biological sciences of it-processes have generally won the day against tendencies to personalise the world of things or to read human intentions into the animal world, an authentic science of persons has hardly got started by reason of the inveterate tendency to depersonalise or reify persons.

'R.D. Laing
The Divided Self 1960



We now feel it's best that baby keeps her security blanket until she's old enough for a cell phone.

“You think the only people who are people, are the people who look and think like you. But if you walk the footsteps of a stranger, you’ll learn things you never knew you never knew.”

— Pocahontas”

Only a child sees things with perfect clarity, because it hasn’t developed all those filters which prevent us from seeing things that we don’t expect to see.

— Douglas Adams



I don’t buy the bit about the beanstalk growing so big overnight.

“Times are bad. Children no longer obey their parents, and everyone is writing a book.”

— Marcus Tullius Cicero (b. 106 BC)

“Only where children gather is there any real chance of fun.”

— Mignon McLaughlin



They don’t make frames like that these days!

Children’s games are hardly games. Children are never more serious than when they play.

— Montaigne, Essays



The patient in 12C needs comforting.

Children need love, especially when they don’t deserve it.

— Harold Hulbert

information

CYC-Online is a web-based e-publication and therefore not available in printed form. However, readers are always welcome to print out pages or chapters as desired.

Editors

Thom Garfat (Canada) / thom@cyc-net.org

Brian Gannon (South Africa) / brian@cyc-net.org

Correspondence

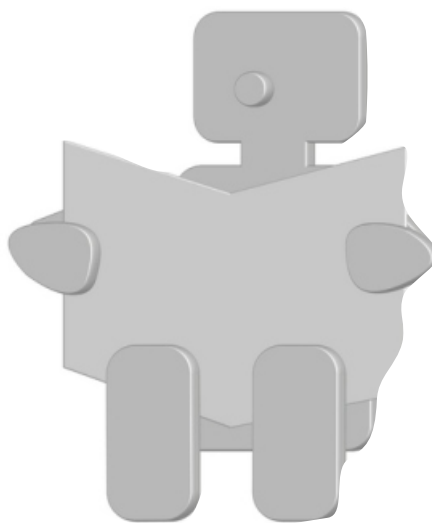
The Editors welcome your input, comment, requests, etc.

Write to cyconline@cyc-net.org

Advertising

Only advertising related to the profession, programs, courses, books, conferences etc. will be accepted. Rates and specifications are listed over the page, or email

advertising@cyc-net.org





ONLINE JOURNAL OF
THE INTERNATIONAL CHILD AND YOUTH CARE NETWORK (CYC-NET)

www.cyc-net.org

ISSN 1605-7406